

# The Crittenden Press

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NUMBER 2

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WATERSON'S REMEDY.

### LIFE IN TEXAS.

The Recalcitrants Must be Disowned; The Weak Must be Sent to the Rear.

(Courier Journal.)

There is but one Democratic line of procedure, and that is indicated by Harper's Weekly. Consistent'y this has been advocated by the Courier-Journal. The recalcitrants must be disowned and driven out. New men must be put in the lead. Not merely this; but those honest, but weak men, who have gone to sleep on their watch—allowing these infancies to proceed without protest—must be sent to the rear, and others more alert, if not more honest, must be called to the front. The Democratic rank and file must rise en masse, and put their foot upon the corruptionists and the laggards. Our rescue from destruction can be compassed in no other way.

With overwhelming changes of party majorities going on all about us—in the face of such a popular rebuke to the incapacity of leaders as no body of politicians ever received before in the history of the country—it is worse than folly, it is a crime, for Democrats who yet retain some self respect and to whom the people have been waiting for unselfish counsel to bait their breath and hold their tongue. The feathers of the ostrich are fair to see; but his methods of self-protection are ridiculous. They are not to be imitated by Democrats. The Tariff Bill which is about to pass the Senate is abominable. Practically it will yield the consumer little, if any, relief. It presents the Democratic party in the character both of a fool and a fraud, crippling the cause without a shadow of compensation. The Administration should in some way—there are many ways—disentangle itself. The House should throw it out by a single vote. The Committee of Conference should promptly report itself unable to agree. The Ways and Means Committee should as promptly bring in a measure involving revenue only—a simple Tariff scale raising two hundred and fifty millions on fifty single items—no schedules and no classifications with their misleading subterfuges and confusing incidents—and, if this be rejected—as it doubtless would be—adjourn Congress, and go to the country, placing the responsibility where it belongs, pledging the party to stand by its guns and to fight its battle upon the line of principle and honor until the people shall decide, conclusively and for all time, whether we are to live under a Free Trade system or under a Protective system.

The field is not wholly lost. It will only be wholly lost when a Democratic Congress has passed a Republican Tariff condemning the Protectionism we have denounced and relegating agitation to the place it occupied in 1880, with the added handicaps of corruption and cowardice, requiring the good work of fifteen years to be begun all over again. The Democrats of the Ways and Means Committee have everything to gain and nothing to lose by this reversal of the policy of time-serving and the substitution of a policy of integrity and courage. The Administration has everything to gain and nothing to lose by receding from a policy of conservatism, doubtless well meant, but which has led the party into this labyrinth of dishonor and ruin. The President himself, who owes his political all to the belief among the people that he knew what he was talking about and meant what he said—but whom these events have so signally discredited—has everything to gain and nothing to lose by confessing his mistake, and throwing the force of his great personality and undoubted power upon the side of the people and the truth, and against the vicious and venal classes who, entrenched in the Senate—finding a naked battery in every classification—are pouring their deadly fire into the masses of producers and consumers—who have everything they produce priced in a Free Trade market and everything they consume taxed to the moon by the Tariff Bill, with whose enactment we are threatened.

It is not too late for the party to reorganize itself and adjust its line in the House. If it does not, it will be reorganized, and the Democratic line readjusted, out of the House. In the first case we shall make a present sacrifice for a future advantage. In the second, we shall postpone the day of profit indefinitely, risking the future on the profound displeasure and deep disgust which our leaders have earned for us in the estimation of the voters.

A Former Marionite Railroad, Hunting and Fishing in the West.

### A PARADISE FOR THE ANGLER.

DEAR PRESS: Please find enclosed \$1, for which send me the Press; and when my time is out please notify me, so that I may do so some more. I sent you some time since an advertising pamphlet of our road, which names some points of interest, with cuts of some of them. Now I want you to tell our boys, who are of a sportive turn of mind, that our road comes nearer being the "sportsman's" road than any road in the United States. There is no time in the year that one can not camp out, and have a good time; there is no time in the year when one can not have excellent sport. During the fall and winter hunting of every kind is good, and fishing is good the year round. I had some duck shooting in old Kaintuck, that I thought was fair, but since I have been here have hunted at places where I saw as many thousands as I saw ducks there.

Everything is as large as the State in proportion; for instance we have many pastures of 100,000 acres, and some of 300,000; I have at present a gentleman who has one pasture of 150,000 acres and another of 50,000. Some people have an idea that Texas is but one remove from hades, and that a very short remove, but in many things she is far ahead of my native State, and will compare favorably with any other. The time of the cowboy, as he is known in dime novels, and as he was supposed to exist on the wide prairies, by our good citizens at home, has gone by; the day of the desperado has passed, and the people here look with horror upon the man who takes a human life. One is safer here than in Kentucky for the law is respected and enforced.

There is really so much to tell of this country that one gets confused in the telling, and if you want to know anything specially, I will take great pleasure in confining myself to my subject and enlightening you to the best of my ability.

We have seven hundred miles of road and I travel over it all, and if it would interest any of your readers to hear of any special place on the line, nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to give them any information they wish. The Salado, Alamo, San Jacinto, and the old Missions are all on our line, while Goliad is not far from it. One takes off his hat in silent reverence when he enters the Alamo, for he can take no step that is not ground hallowed by the blood of Texas heroes. Thermopylae had one messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none. San Jacinto is no less famous, for on that field the brave defenders of the Alamo were avenged.

Some weeks ago Mrs. B. went with me to the coast, to pay a long promised visit to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wimberly, of Aransas Pass. Mr. W. had arranged for a trip to Mustang Island, where Uncle Sam has a life-saving station; and to numerous places of interest on Corpus Christi bay. Saturday morning we started for Mustang Island in an elegant sail boat, and arrived there just about the time dinner tasted best, and as plenty had been provided, that was our first consideration. Our next move was to investigate the Life Saving Station; here we found many appliances that the ingenuity of man has provided to assist in rescuing the shipwrecked mariner. Boats, signals, mortars, life lines, and things too numerous to mention, that we did not find the names of, nor to what uses they were put; and best of all, we saw the men themselves, who are trained in the scientific use of all these things, and who when occasion demands shirk not their duty because of the danger, but go to apparent death in the endeavor to save others. After this we went across the island and gazed upon the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, for the first time. This was a grand sight, and one that we will never forget. We picked up many beautiful shells on the beach, and brought back with us, to preserve as mementoes of a pleasant trip.



THREE WALKING GOWNS.

At the left is a gray hairline silk and wool mixture gown with a handsome train of black silk edged with lace. In the center is a light plaid poplin, pearl gray, with green and russet stripes. The third walking dress is an old rose and moss green Scotch ginghams. The vest front is of muslin worked in large wheels of colored silk.

Leaving Mustang Island at 3:30 p. m., we encountered adverse wind and tide combined, and after beating about until 10 p. m. we reached home completely worn out, but compelled to acknowledge we had seen the greatest sights of our lives.

We went fishing also on this trip, and I want to observe right here that I never fished before. We struck our fishing place about 3:30 p. m., and at 4:30 the bait was all gone and we had about fifty pounds of as nice fish as you ever caught—trout, red fish and channel cat. We saw lots of Tarpon, but they are rather game, and their capture connected with considerable work, they possessed few charms for your humble servant. Aransas Pass is the place for Tarpon, above all places, and the sports of old Kentucky if they pine for Tarpon fishing, should try no other place.

Well, excuse me; I started in to write you a few lines and have worn out your patience with a long letter. I'm in love with the country, Bob, and like to talk about it. Come down and see me, take in the country, have a good time, and when you go home, if you tell the simple truth, the people will say you are paid for it by the railroad.

All well, and send our kindest regards to all our friends.

Yours truly,

J. E. BRAWNER.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The District Presidents Continue Their Report.

CROOKED CREEK.

We called at this church the first Sunday morning, and made a talk on the importance of Sunday schools; after which we organized a school of about 30 pupils.

R. L. Thurman was elected superintendent; Miss Ellen Paris, secretary; F. L. Gass, leader of the choir.

Rev. L. P. Conger and others assisted in the work.

OAK GROVE.

We visited this school in the evening. We were not present at the recitations. Our talk here was on Sunday school work.

Pupils present, 57. C. W. Love, superintendent; Miss Annie Clark, secretary; R. C. Haynes, leader of choir.

The crowd here was simply immense. Rev. B. F. McMan and Stone followed us with a good talk.

They have an excellent singing class—look out for them at the convention.

At the close of school the three ministers present and a good number of the school gave us a hearty welcome.

BLACKBURN.

We visited this church the second Sunday morning in June. Made a brief talk and organized a school with an enrollment of 42.

A. J. Eskew, superintendent; Mrs. E. J. Vanhouser, secretary.

There is some faithful brethren in this church and community, and all they need is encouragement. Remember the promise is to the faithful.

J. B. McNEELY, H. S. WHEELER, District Presidents.

### Save Your Pigs.

By regularly feeding Dr. Hays' Hog and Poultry Remedy. Used and endorsed by leading breeders and feeders the past 18 years. Prevents and arrests disease, stops cough, destroys worms, increases flesh, and hastens maturity. Prices 25 lb. cases \$12.50. Packages \$2.50, \$1, and 50c. each. For sale by Moore & Orme, druggists, Marion, Ky. Ask for testimonials and insurance proposition.

### ARIZONA.

Her Agricultural Future.—The Richness of Her Mines.—A Deed of Blood.

THE EARTH AND ITS FRUITS.

As I have before remarked in these letters, the plains or mesas of Southern Arizona are composed of the most fruitful soil that a torrid sun ever warmed into life and activity, when twice touched by water. The whole of that country was once unquestionably an arm of the sea, or a northern extension of the Gulf of California, and hence these mesas are all "made soil," composed of sea sand and other marine ingredients, and ranging in depth from ten to thirty feet, thus being practically inexhaustible. In further proof of its marine origin, sea shells have been found imbedded high up the sides of the loftiest mountain peaks, and the fossil remains of long extinct sea animals lie scattered in the mountain caves.

But with all this richness of soil it will be many years ere Arizona takes the position now held by California as a grain State. Corn and wheat both yield enormously where irrigation floods the land, but the cost of production overshadows and swallows up the profits and the cost of railroad transportation to a distant market soon swallows up the original capital. The destiny of Southern Arizona, like that of Southern California, lies in the cultivation of the citrus fruit and the grape, banana, fig, apricot, olive, peach, and all varieties of vegetables. The peaches, apricots, grapes and figs now raised near Phoenix, in the Salt River Valley, are the most delicious I ever tasted, far superior in flavor to those of Southern California, and the crop never fails.

But when once the gigantic systems of irrigation now contemplated are placed in successful operation, the whole of Southern Arizona, from Yuma to Tucson, will become a continuous garden of fruits, vegetables, flowers, song-birds and beauty for the entire three hundred miles distance. Yet it will take many years and many millions of dollars to accomplish this result.

NEMO.

### A REJECTED LOVER'S CRIME.

Youth of Eighteen Kills His Successful Sixteen-Year-Old Rival.

Paducah, Ky., June 5.—A terrible tragedy was enacted near Murray, in Callaway county, at 8 o'clock last night. A young man named Storey, sixteen years of age, and Leslie Cochran, a youth of eighteen, have been paying attentions to the 13 year old daughter of Wm. Kelley, a former deputy sheriff. On Sunday last Storey and the girl were married. This enraged Cochran and he swore he would kill Storey on sight. Yesterday, however, they met and apparently became friends, but when night came Cochran called at Kelly's house, where the newly married couple was stopping, and asked Storey to take a walk with him, as he wanted to have a talk.

When but a few rods from his house Cochran drew his revolver and shot Storey in the mouth, killing him instantly. He then returned to the house and was confronted by Kelley. Some words ensued when Cochran again brought his weapon to bear and shot Kelley in the mouth. He was dangerously wounded but was alive when last heard from. The murderer then fled, and at noon today had not been caught. The parties belong to well to do families. The utmost excitement prevails and summary punishment would probably follow the capture.

I have heretofore described, for the benefit of the readers of the Press, the extent and richness of Arizona's gold and silver mines; but that wonderful Territory is equally rich in its copper and galena ores. The yearly output of copper from the Bisbee and Mammoth mines is almost marvelous, both from the richness of ore and quality of the manufactured article. At the World's Columbian Exhibition the celebrated "Copper Queen" mine of Mammoth, Arizona, had on exhibition a gigantic block of copper that took the first premium over all competitors, Lake Superior included; and yet the copper industry in this Territory is but in its infancy. I am told the mountains surrounding Gila Bend are full of it, and that no pick has as yet ever been stuck into it, owing to the distance to railroad transportation. And the same may be said of the galena or lead ore of the Territory. I have seen, both in rheoix and Tucson, pieces of almost pure galena, weighing hundreds of pounds, intersected by thin veins of silver ore. This galena is mined simply for the silver it contains, and when this is extracted the lead is thrown away as worthless rubbish. This may seem a ruinous waste of the raw material to the uninitiated; but when the enormous railroad charges are taken into consideration the matter is easily explained. A year ago last February I purchased a printing office in Tucson from the Southern Pacific railroad, boys' capture.

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In an interview Mrs. Dalton said she was born in Merced county, Cal., where she married Dalton in 1884. Her maiden name was Jennie Van Ness. They came to the Territory in 1891, and have two children, one of whom is an invalid. Mrs. Dalton is 27 years old and her husband was 29. She is well educated and appears to be the realist.

charged me 95 cents a hundred to remove it to Gila Bend, a distance of only 140 miles. This is one reason why Arizona is developing so slowly. The Southern Pacific has it by the throat and is trying to squeeze the life out of it.

A DEED OF BLOOD.

Some seventy-five miles west of Phoenix is located the great Harqua Hala gold mine. Years ago, the spot on which Phoenix now stands was occupied by a lonely adobe hacienda, and was a stopping point between the mine and Tucson, being about half way between the two points. Then, as now, the Harqua Hala had a "clean up" at the end of each month, the result of the month's run being a solid gold brick, ranging anywhere from \$60,000 to \$90,000 in value. These precious bricks were then transported overland to Tucson and there placed in bank. This duty was generally intrusted to a grizzly old frontiersman by the name of Dick Sebastian, honest as an alderman and fearless as the devil. Late one evening in June Dick drove to the Phoenix posada in an old buckboard to which was hitched two wiry little bronchos. Lounging in front of the house was an American, two Mexicans and a Yuma Indian. The white man was the notorious renegade and cutthroat, Jack Clark, and the others were his gang. Dick knew them and entered into a friendly conversation with Clark. Shortly after supper the gang left, and early next morning Sebastian was again on the road to Tucson. About ten miles South of Phoenix, where the beautiful little town of Tempe now lies embowered in its orange and apricot groves, a bold bluff or butte adjoins out flush with the road, around which it winds eastward to Tucson. Early in the day Sebastian was whirling merrily along this road, doubtless dreaming of the gay time before him in the saloons of Tucson. But like the Turk whom Marco Bozaris so unceremoniously routed out, once upon a time, "that bright dream was his last." His ponies wheeled around the butte at a sharp trot, four Winchester flashed, and Sebastian lay on the ground gasping in his death agony. The ponies were caught, a little iron bound box taken from the buckboard, when Clark and his men returned to Phoenix, leaving the remains of poor Sebastian to rot and the coyotes. That night the gang had a wild revel in the old posada, mowed floral like water, and when morning dawned one Indian and two Mexicans lay dead on the floor, each stabbed to the heart with a stiletto in the hands of Clark. He was now sole possessor of the treasure and the secret. He buried the gold near the posada and fled to Sonora, in old Mexico, where he was shortly afterwards shot dead in a quarrel over a game of monte. And there that gold brick lies buried to this day. The forest and the solitude have given place to a beautiful city of sixteen thousand people, full of life and energy; a stately court house, surrounded with evergreens, now marks the spot where stood that ancient posada; and still that blood-stained cube of gold nestles securely amid the element from which it was wrested and "makes no sign," although to this day search for it is occasionally made.

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